

Knoxville Whig and Chronicle.

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WHOLE NO 1898

ANOTHER RIVER DISASTER.

The Steamer Emory City Destroyed by Fire.

Special to the Chronicle.

LONDON, TENN., Sept. 18, 1875.

The steamer Emory City, the mail packet between this place and Rockwood, was burned at the confluence of the Tennessee and Clinch rivers, one mile below Kingston, at 4 o'clock this morning. She had landed to receive a cargo of brick and lay over for the night. A fire was kindled in a stove in the deck hands and from the pipe of which the fire originated in the ceiling. The hands had retired and the watchman is supposed to have fallen asleep. The fire had made considerable progress when discovered, and every effort was made to save the boat and with partial success. The cabin was wholly destroyed as was the mail, but the hull is uninjured and the machinery only slightly damaged. The loss will reach fully \$3,000, but there was not a dollar of insurance on her. There was only one passenger on board, a lady, who fortunately had retired without disturbing, and being among the first to discover the fire, made her escape without assistance. Her trunk was saved. The entire cargo, which was small, was lost. But for the fact that the wind was blowing down the river, thereby carrying the flames off, all on board must have perished.

The steamer R. C. Jackson will take the place of the Emory City and no delay or inconvenience will be experienced.

W. C. N.
The steamer "Emory City" was owned by the Allison brothers, very enterprising and honorable gentlemen. We regret exceedingly to hear of their loss. It will be seen by the above special dispatch to the CHRONICLE that the steamer "R. C. Jackson," will carry the mails so that no unnecessary delay will follow this disaster.

TELEGRAPHIC SUMMARY.

DOMESTIC.

DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Sept. 14, 1875.

To Gov. Ames, Jackson, Mississippi.

This hour I have had dispatches from the President. I can best convey to you his ideas by extracts from his dispatches: "The whole public are tired out with these annual autumnal outbreaks in the South, and the great majority are ready now to condemn any interference on the part of the Government. I heartily wish that peace and good order may be restored without issuing the proclamation. But if it is, I shall instruct the commander of the forces to have no child's play. If there is a necessity for military interference, there is justice in such interference as to deter evil-doers."

"I would suggest the sending of a dispatch, or better by private message to Gov. Ames, urging him to strengthen his own position by exhausting his own resources in restoring order before he receives Government aid. He might accept the assistance offered by the citizens of Jackson and elsewhere. Gov. Ames and his advisers can be made perfectly secure, as many of the troops now in Mississippi, as he deems necessary may be sent to Jackson. If he is betrayed by those who offer assistance, he will be in a position to defeat their ends and punish them."

"You see by this, the mind of the President, with which I and every member of the Cabinet, who has been consulted are in full accord. You see the difficulties. You see the responsibilities, which you assume. We can not understand why you do not strengthen yourself in the way the President suggests, nor do we see why you do not call the Legislature together and obtain from them whatever powers, and money and arms you need."

The Constitution is explicit that the Executive of the State can call upon the President for aid in suppressing domestic violence only when the legislature can not be convened, and the law expressly says: "In case of an insurrection in any State against the government thereof, it shall be lawful for the President, on application of the legislature of such State, or of the Executive, when the legislature can not be convened to call."

"In case of an insurrection in any State against the government thereof, it shall be lawful for the President, on application of the legislature of such State, or of the Executive, when the legislature can not be convened to call."

Very respectfully, yours,

EDWARD PIERREPONT,

Attorney General.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 20.—The following is the full text of Gov. Ames' letter to Attorney-General Pierpont:

JACKSON, Miss., Sept. 11.

Attorney-General Pierpont, Washington, D. C.:

The necessity which called forth my dispatch of the 8th inst. to the President still

POLITICAL.

Proceedings of the New York Democratic Convention.

SYRACUSE, Sept. 17.—The Tammany delegates were admitted. Sturgis, permanent chairman, in the course of his speech said: "Lop off expenses until promises to pay are at par with gold. Then repeal the legal tender act. That is resumption—and not by legislative enactment."

The Convention adopted as a platform: The Democratic party of New York renounces their pledge of fidelity to the principles adopted and affirmed unanimously by the delegates representing the Democrats of all the United States together assembled in their latest National Convention and since re-approved and endorsed by Democratic majorities in fifteen States, comprising more than half the total population of the Union.

From the National Democratic Platform, Baltimore, July 10, 1872:

Section 7. The public credit must be sacredly maintained and we denounce repudiation in every form in disguise. [Applause.]

Sec. 8. A speedy return to specie payment is demanded alike by the highest considerations of commercial morality, and honest government. [Applause.]

To these authentic declarations of Democratic principle and policy the times give proof. The present depression of business is caused by the reaction from the unhealthy stimulus of an excessive, depreciated and irredeemable currency, by enormous and ill-adjusted municipal, State and Federal taxation and by extravagance, waste and speculation in the Administration of public affairs.

The remedy for this evil is not to be found in the renewal of any of the causes in the face of the fact that the existing volume of currency is greater than can be absorbed by business; in the face of the fact that the recent fall of prices was followed by repeated inflations, any attempt to increase the currency would be worse than ineffectual to revive prosperity, for it would interrupt the healing processes of industry. It would be worse than futile to restore confidence, for it would create distrust and new uncertainties in business, paralyzing the beginnings of enterprises, robbing labor of its twenty-cent employment, and while stilling the progress of legislative reforms would inflict lasting dishonor upon the credit, the intelligence and the character of the country.

The nominations are as follows: For Secretary of State, John Bigelow; Comptroller, John Lucius Robinson; Attorney-General, Chas. S. Fairchild; Treasurer, Chas. N. Rose; Engineer, John Naubare; Canal Commissioner, C. N. Walworth.

MONTGOMERY, Ala., Sept. 17.—The Constitutional Convention adopted a bill of rights today. The following section of it was adopted unanimously: "The people of this State accept as final the established fact that from the Federal Union there can be no secession of any State."

THE CENTENNIAL BRIGADE.

List of the Military Companies Organized and Equipped.

We give below a list of the military companies organized in Tennessee, all of which are fully uniformed and equipped:

EAST TENNESSEE.

Dickinson Light Guards, Capt. A. Gaines, Knoxville.

O'Connor Zouaves, Capt. Alex. Allison, Knoxville.

Chattanooga Light Guards, Capt. F. M. Hight, Chattanooga.

James Guards, Capt. E. A. James, Chattanooga.

Johnson Guards, Capt. John McCoy, Greeneville.

Tennessee Volunteers, Capt. James P. Snapp, Union Depot.

Jefferson Guards, Capt. A. M. Kennedy, Strawberry Plains.

MIDDLE TENNESSEE.

Jackson Guards, Capt. Tim Kelly, Nashville.

Porter Rifles, Capt. Sam. Doneison, Nashville.

Spencer Guards, Capt. Jas. D. Richardson, Murfreesboro.

McEwen Rifles, Capt. Jas. P. Henner, Franklin.

Bate Reserves, Capt. W. J. McMurray, Nashville.

Brown Guards, Captain Rogers, Pulaski.

Trousdale Guards, Capt. Lee Head, Gallatin.

Grays and Blues, Capt. M. B. Brien, Nashville.

Capt. H. L. Gresham, Shelbyville.

WEST TENNESSEE.

Chickasaw Guards, Capt. R. P. Duncan, Memphis.

Centennial Guards, Capt. Geo. C. Porter, Brownsville.

Tennessee Rifles, Capt. R. A. W. James, Dyersburg.

Bellville Guards, Capt. A. J. F. Dey, Bell's Depot.

Centennial Guards, Capt. F. B. Fisher, Alamo.

Porter Guards, Capt. W. A. Thompson, Humboldt.

Trenton Guards, Capt. W. P. Northcross, Trenton.

Irish Volunteers, Capt. John S. Sullivan, Memphis.

Memphis Grays, Capt. Martin Cohen, Memphis.

Stonewall Guards, Capt. S. B. Ayres, Dresden.

Hamby Guards, Capt. H. C. Burnett, Pickettsville.

Henderson Light Guard, Capt. M. T. Polk, Bolivar.—American.

The Body.

The body is the soul's house, its beloved habitation—where it is born, and bathed in ever since it had a being, and in which it enjoyed all its comforts. Upon this account the Apostle calls it the soul's home. (We are at home in the body—2 Cor., 5.) We may say of many gracious souls, they pay a dear rent for the house they dwell in.—Flavel.

OUR EUROPEAN LETTER.

The East and Quality of Food in England, Etc.

LONDON, Aug. 15, 1875.

To the Editors of the Chronicle:

A people can be judged in no better way, perhaps, than by a consideration of what they eat and drink. Each nationality possesses some peculiarities in respect to these two important items in the matter of living, and they have an important bearing in determining the character of the people. Evidently this must be the case, since the various articles of diet, containing different ingredients, must variously influence the processes of organic growth and development, including the brain and nervous system, and thus lead to some idiosyncrasy of the mental and bodily functions. Again, the food of a nation largely depends upon its climate and its accessibility to certain articles of food. We might thus trace back results to causes, and the evolutionists, until we arrive at the pre-historic age in the primeval forest, or even to the Aeneid founded on its rocky bit; but it would hardly be pertinent to the occasion, or instructive to the general reader. We must be content with the general proposition that physiologically and psychologically we are what we eat, digest and assimilate, or applying it to the average American, what he eats, but fails to digest, the indigestion to which he, as an American, is subject often playing a most conspicuous part in the fixing of his disposition. Here, in England, indigestion or dyspepsia is of the rarest occurrence, and this, no doubt, goes far to give the people their contented frame of mind. They are essentially an eating people.

If any people in the world live to eat, it is the English. Not simply to tickle the palate with fine flavors and delicately gotten up dishes, but to consume the most solid and substantial food obtainable. The Englishman enjoys the comfort arising from the indigestion of a large quantity of the most nutritious food, and gives himself up to the joy of it for the two or three hours in the evening appropriated to dinner. Fish, flesh and fowl, are alike consumed in enormous quantities, or what would be considered enormous quantities by us. Beef is the staple meat, of course, then comes mutton, veal and lamb. I had heard much of the English beef and was anxious to compare its merits with that of our own country. It is certainly much superior to it—much more tender and has a finer flavor—though, doubtless, much of this may come from the better manner they have of cooking it. The greatest difference I find, however, to be in the mutton. I think that one accustomed to our mutton would hardly know he was eating mutton at all if he were to try the English variety. Much more meat is eaten by the laboring class than with us, which is to be wondered at, considering its very high price, and the low price paid for labor.

Good beef is at the lowest a shilling a pound (24 cents in gold), and mutton is about the same. How a working man with a large family (and families in England are all large), with only 20 shillings a week, can live and eat meat, is one of those mysteries I can not solve. Still it is done. Perhaps the secret is that everything else is correspondingly cheap, though my observation shows that the average expense of living is but little less than in corresponding stations in America. Clothing is one item that is vastly cheaper than with us. In some articles it is fully 50 per cent. lower. Rent two, is, I fancy, at least in some localities not nearly so expensive. A house in a part of London suitable for a consulting physician or surgeon, in the West End (and in London a surgeon or physician must have exactly the style of house that is expected of him if he wishes to do any business), can be got for about 500 pounds (\$2,500), the same in New York, would cost twice or three times as much.

As regards other articles of food, such as vegetables, fruit, etc., they range on an average about as with us. Some fruits, such as peaches, are much dearer. A very fine peach will cost about 8 cents; the common ones from 2 to 4 cents. Lemons and oranges, on the contrary, are cheaper, the best and largest not costing more than 3 cents. The amount of fermented liquors that is consumed is enormous. I had no conception of the extent to which beer and wine were taken. They are drunk to a large extent in bars, as with us, but the greater quantity is taken in meals, principally at dinner and supper. A man must be very poor, indeed, who does not take alcohol with his dinner, while he who is in better circumstances has his wine. In fact the majority make either wine or ale a substitute for water. I am sure there is an immense number of persons in London who hardly know the taste of water. I saw an old woman at the hospital the other day, who avowed that she was afraid of it and had never taken two glassfuls in her life. The result is that the ale is of the best quality and quite cheap. The lowest price is 8 cents per quart, while the best—on draught—is 12 cents. You must not confound the English ale with lager beer. The latter is the veriest slop compared to the best ale. The London porter has a reputation the world over, and I must say it deserves it. It is as black as ink—and there is a legend to the effect that no other water but that of the Thames, which is only a large sewer of London, could give it that color—and the flavor and body that it has—but in spite of the legend it must be confessed that it is one of the finest beverages in the world. I would advise any one who desires to live up to the temperance principle, not to drink much of this, for it will inevitably prove fatal to his best resolutions. What more particularly impressed me was the amount of drinking of ale and

porter done by the women, both of the upper and lower classes. It is considered no more out of the way to take a glass of stout than a cup of tea. Said a most estimable and pious old lady to me, "indeed I couldn't sleep without my ale to my supper." I can not see where the Good Templars recruit their ranks from, for every one I meet considers it more legitimate to drink ale than water. One reason of this may be that the water of London is bad. It is exceedingly insipid and unsatisfying.

Another thing is noticeable in this connection. It is customary for the women of the lower classes to go and drink their ale over the counter of the bar and stand and talk with the loungers, who are always to be found there. It is not alone the respectable class who do this, but even those who are considered to be respectable, as wives of workmen, maids and cooks. On the other hand, there is not near the quantity of whiskey and brandy drunk as there is in America, or in Ireland and Scotland.

I have given you already somewhat of the history of the famous Col. Baker case, in which an officer of the Hussars was found guilty of the charge of an attempted outrage on the person of a Miss Dickinson. In my last I mentioned that he had received his sentence, and to the general dissatisfaction of the mass of the people. It appears from the following taken from the *Morning Post*, that the sentence is even lighter than was at first thought. "He is to be kept separate from the other prisoners—is allowed to wear his own clothing, to buy his own food, to furnish his own rooms—he has two allotted to him, with what is reasonable, necessary and not extravagant, to have wine at his own cost, not exceeding one quart daily. He is not required to do any work, to clean his apartment, or perform any menial office, all these things being done for him by an officer of the prison. He may have any unobjectionable books or newspapers he chooses. He may write or receive letters or papers, but these must first be examined or read by the governor. Lastly, he may see his friends in his apartment at any time between 9 A. M. and 6 P. M."

While it must be acknowledged that justice is more often found in courts here than in America, this looks too much like the Tweed business for Englishmen to exult over very much. We leave for the Continent in the course of three or four days. During a two months residence in London, I have seen much that I would like to have written about, but a few short letters can not take in everything. It is truly a most wonderful place and a visit of a few days can not begin to do it justice. Neither can one who lives at a hotel and drives from one noted place to another get any idea of London life. To know London you must mix with the people—you must get to some extent into the lower stratum. I may, in some future letters, give some of the impressions of social life as I found it, and of the people among whom it has been my fortune and misfortune to be thrown.

S. M. R.

Among the Hollanders—Their Dress and Manners.

UTRECHT, HOLLAND, Aug. 21.

To the Editors of the Chronicle:

There are several ways of reaching Holland from England. The one we chose was that from Harwich (pronounced in England, *Hare-ich*) to Rotterdam. It is unnecessary to speak of the passage across the Channel to any one who has experienced it, and those who have not, can form no adequate conception, from and mere verbal description, of the anguish crowded into those 12 hours from Harwich to Rotterdam, and so we will remain silent as regards that part of the journey. Rotterdam is not situated directly on the coast, but on the banks of the river Maas, some two hours ride by boat from its mouth. I was conscious for the first time, when I crawled up on deck and looked out upon the flat expanse of country that lies on either side of the river, that I was in a foreign land. No where in sight was there a mountain or even a hill, while the banks were so low that a rise of a few feet in the river would overflow the whole country. The only obstructions to the view were the innumerable windmills, standing with their long arms, either stretched out motionless, or swinging their weary looking arms around, and long rows and avenues of tall, shapeless trees. These, with the canals filled with boats of all sizes and shapes gives some idea of the country, and the counterpart of it can not be found anywhere else in the world.

We did not tarry long in Rotterdam, but took the first train to this place. In coming we passed through much of the same kind of country that we saw along the river, barring the absence of the canals and ships. Everywhere the ubiquitous windmill and the long lines of trees set out with the most scrupulous care as regards size and distance from each other, and the ditches, which serve at the same time as drains and boundaries to fields. Most of the land was in a state of high cultivation, but parts of it—the sand hill districts—were given over to low scrubby pine and the heather.

As this town is passed over by the generality of tourists, it may not be amiss to state a few facts in regard to its claims to consideration. It is a very old place. It was called by the Romans, *Trajectum ad Shenum*, and no doubt was as important commercially then as it is now. It has no very distinguished place in history, but still it is a town which I would advise no one making a tour of the Continent to pass by unnoticed, and principally because it is here that you

can see the Dutchman in his purity and simplicity, as you can perhaps nowhere else in Holland.

Rotterdam, Amsterdam and the Hague are contaminated more or less with some foreign element, but Utrecht is Dutch to the core. The quietude and orderliness, and above all, the cleanliness, we found here was most welcome, after a sojourn of two months in noisy, dirty London. No slovenly women in cast-off, dingy taggery; no dirty, ragged children; no dull, heavy atmosphere to obscure what of brightness Heaven had vouchsafed to man; no crushing crowd rushing madly through the streets, each man bent on the accomplishment of his own ends, utterly regardless of his fellow at his elbow. Instead, an atmosphere of peace and good will seemed to have settled over the pointed red-tiled roofs, and the sun shone as if it were giving its light just there, more to the just than the unjust. The streets were as cleanly swept as a parlor floor, and along them walked, in a quiet business-like way, the industrious, steady-going inhabitants, in costumes so unique and picturesque and withal so neat that they could not fail to excite in you feelings of the deepest admiration.

I should think that this is the cleanest city of its size, or any size on the continent, or, indeed, anywhere. That is the impression it gives you on all sides. There is nothing about it to suggest dirt, and if dirt is to be considered matter out of place—for everything seems to be in its place, and to have been there always. Even the canal which winds through the town, cutting it up in true Venetian style, has not the stagnant look common to canals, but its clear waters move along with a majestic slowness, typical of the slow progress and innate simplicity of the people.

It is the costumes of the common people, of course, which attract the attention; for at the present time the style of dress of the higher, middle and upper classes is pretty much the same as in all enlightened countries. That of the women is most peculiar. Women in any kind of service, as well as the wives and daughters of laboring men, have all essentially the same style of costume, consisting of a bodice and short overskirt of some simple print—generally lilac color—a black worsted skirt, a checked apron, and a snow-white cap. A plentiful supply of petticoats gives an exceeding fullness to the hips, and this, in connection with long and somewhat tapering waists, completes the picture of women such as we see in the works of the old Dutch painters. No, I am too fast, it does not complete the picture: one thing, and a most important one, remains to be added, and that is the wooden shoes. Those wooden shoes are a study to me, from two points of view. Firstly, I can not make out how they are made, by what contrivance the cavity for the foot is cut out of the solid piece of wood; and, secondly, how they can walk in them, or even keep them on their feet. I am sure it requires no small amount of expertness to be able to perform the movements of locomotion in that heavy, clumsy-looking foot-gear.

They give a most queer appearance to the lower extremities, and bear a stronger resemblance to two canoes, very much thickened and turned up at one end, than to anything else I can now call to mind. It looked exceedingly funny to see little children chattering along the pavements in these wooden boots, almost half as large as themselves. There was too great a dignity in the size of the shoe and the child—too much shoe and too little child.

The people are universally civil and well-mannered, and we found none of that obtrusive anxiety about strangers and foreigners that are experienced at some other places. Even our colored servant was not molested when walking along the streets, which was far from being the case in some towns we have visited. In one, in particular, which we went out driving, a crowd of children followed after the carriage and became so loud in their demonstration, that the driver was compelled to get down from the box and drive them away with his whip.

The manner of living is in keeping with the character of the people. Our hotel had all the freshness of a country farm house. The beds were clean, and were evidently made regardless of the cost of feathers, while it was not necessary to put the pillow on its end in order to get your head sufficiently high to sleep, with comfort, as has not infrequently been the case at our various stopping places. The bread was superb—nowhere has it been my fortune to eat better.

I think the flour ground by the windmills must be better for baking purposes than any other. It seems natural to suppose that its vitality is not destroyed to the extent that it must be in more rapid grinding. The butter was fresh and sweet, and the milk, if watered at all, was so slightly so in comparison to that generally procured for us, as to leave the impression on our minds that it was pure. At the table d'hôte, a native wine is furnished.

To me, personally, Utrecht is most interesting, as being the place of residence of one of the greatest lights in ophthalmology. Prof.onders lives here—the man who, more than any other, has brought to its present state of perfection the scientific use of spectacles in the various diseases of the eye. Many thousands of people, by means of his investigations, have had a new world opened to them, and been enabled to use their eyes with ease and comfort. Dr. Snellen, another noted ophthalmologist and an associate of Prof.onders, also lives here. These two men alone are enough to make for this small Dutch city a name among the cities of the world, and give it a place in history.

S. M. R.

It is a position noted in moral philosophy, that men abandoned to vice do not so much corrupt manners as those that are half good and half evil.